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it leans seventeen feet and an half from the perpendicular," (query?) "still remains entire; while another at Maghera, in the County Down, when it fell lay upon the ground like a huge gun unbroken.

"That they were erected by the ancient Irish should be apparent to any unprejudiced inquirer; they are not to be found in any other European country but one, and that the very one which Ireland colonized to the extent before mentioned; and even there but two solitary specimens occur, at Abernethy and Brechin, as if marking the fact of that colonization having taken place, when the rites, for which the round towers were erected in the mother country, were on the decline."

We are far from agreeing in the perfect accuracy of Mr. D.'s description of these remarkable buildings, indeed, we think we can detect in it several mistakes, arising probably from want of a sufficiently general acquaintance with the existing specimens; but we must hasten to his observations on the purpose to which these structures were applied.

"Neither their founders nor their era have been more questioned than their use. Some with Lynch and Walsh imagine they were erected for watch-towers or beacons, but subsequently used for belfries. This first purpose is obviously negatived by their situation, many being found in deep vallies and hollow places, while in other parts two are placed close to each other; and as to the second use, that they were Christian belfries, as Molyneux, Ledwich, and Campbell suppose, (although they exist no where else in Christendom,) their structure is greatly unsuited to such a design; for, as has been justly observed, 'none of those towers is large enough for a single bell to swing round in it, and from the whole of their form and dimensions, and from the smallness of the apertures in them, they are rather calculated to stifle, than to transmit to a distance, any sound that is made in them.' Indeed it would be hard to conjecture why Christians should build their churches of such frail materials as wicker and wood, and erect such everlasting belfries of stone; much less labour would have accomplished a comfortable and roomy church. The extraordinary circumstance of their door-ways being always raised from eight to sixteen feet above the level of the ground, is an additional self evidence against their being belfries, while the fact of there being a square structure for that purpose, attached to some of the churches, immediately near which the round towers are found, as at Brechin, at Cormac's chapel on the rock of Cashel, and close to the beautiful round tower of Lusk, shews that the Irish clergy of the middle ages did not recognise from tradition the use of the round towers as belfries, and completes the refutation of this hypothesis."

"Connecting this part of the Essay with that on the religion of this period, the reader will readily perceive that the round towers are considered by the writer of these pages, to have been fire-houses for the preservation of the sacred fire, at the time when the worship of the sun was the prevalent creed; that they were these singular temples of round form, ('templa insignia rotunda formâ,' mentioned by Diodorus, and that such their shape as well as their purpose are additional demonstrations of the premised oriental colonization. Governor Pownall, sensible of this, considers that the

Magi of Persia, prompted by the same zeal which sent the Jesuits to Paraguay, might have undertaken missions for religious purposes to Ireland, and thus have introduced there the eastern creed and customs."

Sir Walter Scott, whose observations on the subject were written subsequently to those of Mr. D. but altogether independently of them, remarks upon these round towers as follows:

"It is here impossible to avoid remarking, that at Abernethy and at Brechin there are still in existence two of the round towers, of which so many occur in Ireland. Abernethy is said, by uniform tradition, to have been the capital of the Picts, and Brechin in the same district (now the county of Angus) was certainly a place of early importance. In Ireland there exist nearly thirty of these very peculiar buildings, which have been the very *crucis antiquiorum*. They could not have been beacons, for they are often (at Abernethy in particular) placed in low and obscure situations, though there are sites adjacent, well calculated for watch-towers. They could not be hermitages, unless we suppose that some caste of anchorites had improved on the idea of Simon Stylites, and taken up their abode in the hollow of such a pillar as that of which the Syrian holy man was contented to occupy the top.—They could hardly be belfries, for though always placed close or near to a church, there is no aperture at the top for suffering the sound of the bells to be heard. Minarets they might have been accounted, if we had authority for believing that the ancient Christians were summoned to prayers like the Mahometans by the voice of criers. It is, however, all but impossible to doubt that they were ecclesiastical buildings; and the most distinct idea we are able to form of them is, from the circumstance that the inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities, called the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, includes one of those round towers, detached in the usual manner, and another erected on the gable-end of the ruinous chapel of St. Kevin, as if some architect of genius had discovered the means of uniting the steeple and the church. These towers might possibly have been contrived for the temporary retreat of the priest, and the means of preserving the 'holy things' from desecration on the occasion of alarm, which in those uncertain times suddenly happened, and as suddenly passed away. These edifices at Brechin and Abernethy, however, were certainly constructed after the introduction of christianity, and were in all probability, built in imitation of the same round towers in Ireland, under the direction of the Irish monks who brought Christianity into Scotland."

Mr. Otway, also a perfectly independent authority, coincides in a very remarkable degree with the opinion, then quite unknown to him, of Sir Walter Scott.

"It is natural he says, to suppose, that the ecclesiastics having fixed on a convenient position in some sheltered valley, or on some peninsula or island, might see the necessity of erecting a building that would obviate the disadvantages of the situation, and, rising above the woods, enable their watcher to see from afar, the coming of the enemy, and on his approach therein to retreat. Now the round towers were peculiarly well adapted to answer the desired purpose; built, towards the ground, of very massive materials, the walls of considerable thickness, the door twelve or fifteen

feet from the ground—this entrance so narrow that but one person, in a stooping position, can enter at a time; the entrance always, on that side of the tower, looking towards the other buildings of the establishment, so that those escaping to it might readily ascend. Up the four or five stories into which they were divided, the whole body of ecclesiastics might ascend by ladders, and in the topmost story were windows looking towards the four points of the compass; but sometimes according to the position of the place with respect to the approaches to it, with three or five windows. Here, for a time, with the moderate provision with which these monastics were content, many persons might remain secure for a season, until succour from the surrounding districts might arrive, or until the marauders retreated for want of provisions."

We must own our total dissent from what appears to us the fanciful conclusion of Mr. D'Alton, that these towers were erected for the purposes of fire-worship, and our partial difference of opinion from that of Sir Walter, whose very guesses, however, are always shrewd, and penetrating, very near, if not quite into the truth. We should scarcely venture of ourselves to hazard an opinion in opposition to that of either of the authors we have just quoted, but we are fortified by the high authority of our most profound brother antiquary, indeed our best guide and ablest instructor in the arts and the antiquities of Ireland, George Petrie, Esq. R. H. A. who is, we are assured, prepared with abundant proofs to shew that the towers in question were applied to the double purpose of belfries and of keeps, or depositories of the relics and valuables of the religious houses to which these buildings were attached, in case of sudden interruptions, or attacks of skirmishing invaders.

It is, however, but justice to Mr. D'Alton to add, that however we may differ from him in opinion, this theory, which is not at all a new one, though hitherto unproved, has not escaped his notice and animadversion, in his detailed statement of the question. "The surmise," he observes, "that they were for places of security and retreat in danger, is met by their small capacity for any such effective accommodation. Nor is the opinion more tenable, that they were for defensive keeps or depositories for the MSS. relics, plate, and muniments of the abbey to which they were annexed; the general destruction of these valued pledges by the Danes, while the round towers remained unassailable unless by lightning or earthquake, wholly repels the inference."—Essay, p. 138.

But we must close, for the present, our account of this most interesting volume; the second, and succeeding periods of the Essay, from the coming of St. Patrick to the invasion of Henry II. we hope to resume in a very early number.

The Fall of Nineveh;—a Poem, by Edwin Atherstone, Vol. II. containing seven books, 8vo. Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1830.

Sardanapalus has lately become a singular favorite among the poets, for what reason they best can tell. The scanty details of his reign, as recorded in ancient history, afford but few of those indications which point out the hero, and render him "an eternal possession" for the muses. Justin, with more than even his usual brevity, says, "he was more corrupt than a woman, a conspiracy was formed against him,

upon which he at first sought concealment, as women do through fear of death, but afterwards marched out to battle with a few undisciplined troops. Being conquered, he fled into his palace, when having constructed a pile, he flung himself and his riches into the flames, "in this alone," adds the concise historian, "having imitated a man."

So confined is the foundation upon which such splendid structures have been raised to his memory by British genius. There is, however, a great event connected with this worthless character. The fall of Nineveh is one of the landmarks of history. The utter desolation of the earliest, the proudest, the mightiest of cities in the annals of the world, is a circumstance worthy of the poet's pen. The spot where this city once stood, is sought in vain by the geographer in his study, and by the man of science in his travels. The worthless being whose destiny was attached to a city, memorable even in its non-existence, is identified with its down fall, and the only act which in the historian's opinion entitled him to maintain his grade in the ranks of society, has proved an unextinguishable torch to hold him up to the gaze of posterity for ever.

Philosophize as we may on the causes, Sardanapalus and Nineveh now are, and ever will be, subjects for poetry: it remains to see how they have been treated by the writer who has here chosen them for the theme of a long and deeply studied poem.—A poem which extends to two octavo volumes, and yet remains unfinished, may fairly be called a long one, and the variety and complication of detail which have been worked out of the few lines of the historian, give it equal title to the epithet of deeply studied.

Sardanapalus is represented in it, not exactly as the worthless effeminate being which Justin represents him. An adherence to historical truth in this respect, would have disqualified him for poetry. Mr. Atherstone has rather followed Lord Byron's example in decking out his hero, for the hero of the poem he certainly is, with some of the masculine vices that force admiration while they excite abhorrence. He is, in both poems, a good model of a finished ruffian, and may in this point of view, stand on a par with Achilles, the undisputed premier of heroes among Greeks and schoolboys, and high above the snivelling hero of Roman verse.

The whole of the story of the Fall of Nineveh consists of the varied events that occur during the progress of a rebellion raised against the king of Assyria by Arbaces governor of Media, and the best proof of the author's good management of this part of his materials, is that we read the present volume with interest, and we look forward with a feeling of anxiety for the concluding one.

The preceding volume of the work terminated with a battle fought under the walls of Nineveh, in which each party seemed to claim the advantage: that now before us opens with an account of the effects of this battle on the king himself, described in very picturesque and animated language:

"Night hangs o'er NINEVEH: the winds are still,—
The rain hath ceased,—the thunders are gone by
From out the rocky, slowly rolling clouds,
With melancholy eye, the wasted moon
Looks fitfully. Their arms to the pale light
Obscurely glimmering, on the lofty walls
Face slowly the tired sentinels. But not
With night comes silence,—for the voice of pain
Is heard throughout the city,—and the feet
Unresting of the tenders on the couch.

O'erwearied with that day of blood and toil,
Soundly the warriors slumber: but the king
Rests not,—for of the battle are his thoughts,
And of the things to come. Against the Mede
His anger chiefly, and against the priest,
Bages, and finds no bound. Twice from his couch
Sprang he, and bade the captains of his host
Be called before him;—"while the rebel sleeps,
My armies shall go forth, and trample him;"
—And twice, when on the night he looked out,
And on the toils of that long battle thought,
The mandate he recalled."

It is not our intention to follow the train of the narrative by regular analysis, we conceive, that we do more justice to the author, and afford the reader more satisfaction by presenting detached passages adequate to afford a sufficient clue for ascertaining how far the work merits a place among epic or historical poems of a higher class.

During the progress of varied success between the contending parties, the rebels are driven back to the mountains; Sardanapalus advances to their foot; his innumerable host is extended over the plain. The opportunity is deemed favourable for a night assault on the over confident and negligent multitude. Two of the rebel chiefs venture to explore the camp, they find it wholly sunk in drowsiness and intoxication; one of them proposes to return forthwith, and lead down their friends to the assault before the break of day; but the other, whose daughter had been carried off by the tyrant, and is now his favorite concubine, determines to seize the moment of suspended vigilance to avenge his private injury by assassinating Sardanapalus, while sleeping unguarded in his tent. His proceedings are thus described:

"Meantime, upon his dangerous guest,—with soul
Dark as the starless night,—Rabsaris went;
And,—ever from the watch-fire's glare aloof
Cautiously holding,—with his stormy heart
Thus, as he walked, communed:—"The fatal hour,
For which my soul so long hath bled, draws nigh;
Beneath my steel the ravisher shall fall.—
My thirsty hate shall in his blood be slaked!—
But mine must also flow,—for not alone
Unto the darksome pit can he go down.
Shrink I at thought of that?—And what is life,
That longer I should wish it to endure?
Have I not nightly with a scorching heart
Upon my couch laid down? have not my dreams
Been agony?—have I not risen as one
That to endure the torture arms himself?
When, since that morn accursed, within itself
Hath thy soul said,—this day shalt thou be glad,—
Thy countenance shall be joyful? Since that morn,
When hath the food seemed pleasant to thy taste,—
When hath the harp or song delighted thee?
When have the morning and the dewy eve
Seemed lovely in thy sight?—when to thine eye
The daughters of the land looked beautiful?—
And fearest thou then to bid the world adieu?
What hast thou seen, or thought of, since that day,
Save the abhorred deed, and the revenge?
The deed is done,—the vengeance is at hand!
Thou shalt behold him die!—thou shalt exult,—
And whisper in his deafening ear *her* name!
But then—what then?—then shall thy healing come,
Death shall be thy physician!"

"So pondering,—forward to the open space,
Where, in the midst, the rich pavilion stood,
Swiftly he walked: stooped then; and warily,
With slow, and silent step, the dangerous void
To cross began. Upon his knees sometimes
Bent,—with keen listening ear to all sides turned:
A distant footstep now, and now a voice,
As if approaching, heard,—yet, undismayed,
By slow degrees, scarce breathing, still held on,—
Till from the tent within a half spear's cast
Arrived,—and onward gliding still,—again—
But louder, and distinct, the harp he heard.
As by an adder stung, he started back.
The tune was one that, in her happy years,
An Israelitish harper to his child,
His loved Azubah, taught;—and, with the sound,
Remembrance of her rose. A voice, at length,
Sang to the harp;—in madness he leaped up,—
It was his daughter's! With clenched hands, and teeth
Hard fixed,—stiff as a brazen statue,—there
Awhile stood he. The voice was soft and sweet
As to the desert wanderer the sound
Of singing brook at noon. His limbs relaxed,—
He sank upon the earth in agony.
But the song ceased;—again Rabsaris rose.

Stealthily, step by step, he went. No eye
Beheld him,—no ear heard. More nigh he drew;—
He stood behind the tent.—His deadly foe,
And him, betwixt,—sole separation now,
That thin and trembling screen. With sudden rush,
To burst upon him his mad hate impelled:
Yet he refrained,—for still again the harp
Awoke,—and two soft, dove-like, voices sang
A strain of melting sweetness. As they ceased,
Another, and a deep, voice was heard.
Rabsaris started,—and his bosom swelled:
Yet moved he not,—but to the words gave ear.
In soft and slumberous tone, the monarch thus:
"Sleep comes upon me. To your couches now
Abiah go, and Ephah: but awhile
Stay thou, Azubah,—and with softest songs
Bring to my rest kind dreams,—for on my soul
A darkness gathers,—nor with cheering wine
Dare I dispel it now."

"Upon a couch,—
Purple, and gold, and gems,—the king reposed:
His eyes were shut,—his countenance was pale.
Before him, but not near, Azubah sat,—
O'er the harp bending,—and her lulling song,
Like a sweet perfume, breathing. As a stone,
Fixed stood Rabsaris,—in his hard clenched hand
The dagger lifting: like hot coals his eyes,—
His face unearthly pale. The song was one
Himself had sung to lull his infancy;
He could not move. At every pause, deep sighs
Heaved she,—and softly, once, his name breathed
forth.—
He could not touch her. But the hated foe
Was now within his reach: a leap,—a blow—
And all would be accomplished. Calmly play
The unsuspecting king,—upon his hand
His right cheek pillowed. What could save him now?
A robe of purple silk sole mail he wore,—
Sole shield the diamond buckle on his breast.
Still as a sleeping infant lay he there.—
And o'er his face, by some light fancy moved,
A smile began to gather,—when, his breath
Hard drawing,—gnashing fiercely his bared teeth,—
Forward Rabsaris leaped. Azubah heard,—
As swiftly sprang,—screamed,—rushed,—with desperate grasp
His arm seized,—clung, in frantic agony,—
And the blow baffled. Starting from his couch,
Aloud the monarch cried,—and, by the arm,
The assassin seizing also, struggle fierce,
But brief, held with him,—till into the tent
Behind the alarmed guard,—and from his hand
The dagger wrrenched,—and, with o'ermastering
strength,—
The frantic chief controlled."

In consequence of the alarm excited by the failure of Rabsaris, the army is roused, and the king marches forward to force the rebel's post in the mountains, in which he succeeds after a furious contest, the particulars of which are recited in a very animated manner. The rebel army retreats, and Sardanapalus returns in triumph to his capital.

In the account of his entry which ensues, and which is given at large, we shall only dwell upon the description of his queen Atossa, who comes to meet him. The strange, but natural compound of pride and exultation at her husband's success, joined with indignation at his abandonment of her for his concubines, is forcibly and feelingly exhibited.

"But,—beautiful amidst the beautiful,—
Amid a bright heaven the one brightest star,—
Assyria's goddess queen, in regal state
Magnificent,—to pomp imparting grace,—
To triumph majesty,—her lord to meet,
From the great central eastern gate came forth.
High throned upon a car, with gold and gems
Refulgent,—slowly rode she. Diamond wreaths,
Amid her ebony locks luxuriant, gleamed,
Like heaven's lamps through the dark: her ample robe,
Sky-hued, like to a waving sapphire glowed;—
And round one graceful shoulder wreathed,—one arm
Of rose-tinged snow,—a web-like drapery,
Bright as a ruby streak of morning, hung.
Beneath her swelling bosom,—chastely warm,—
A golden zone, with priceless gems thick starred,
Flashed gentle lightnings. The unresting fire
Of diamond, and the ruby's burning glow,
With the pure sapphire's gentle beam mixed there:
The flamy topaz, with the emerald cool,
Like sunshine dappling the spring meadows, played:
Gold was the clasp, and diamond. Bracelets light
Of emerald, and diamond, and gold,
On each fine tapered, pearly wrist she wore:
And, round her pillared neck majestic,
A slender chain of diamond,—the weight
Sustaining of one priceless diamond,
Like dawn faint blushing, radiant as the morn,—
That on her creamy bosom,—like a spark
Of sun-fire on rich pearl embedded,—lay.

With graceful ease, and perfect dignity,
 Yet womanly softness,—like a shape of heaven,
 In majesty of beauty,—pale, serene,—
 With eye oft downcast, yet with swelling heart
 Proudly exultant,—on her gorgeous seat
 Reclined, of Tyrian purple, golden fringed,—
 Of all eyes mutely worshipped, she rode on.
 So, when, victorious o'er the giant brood,
 Back to Olympus came the Thunderer,—
 Imperial Juno,—on her golden car,
 By clouds of fire upborne,—with smile of love,
 Ever lord to meet,—and ether brightening brow,—
 Through heaven's wide opened portals proudly rode.
 In shining cars, behind Assyria's queen,
 The sons and daughters also of the king,
 To grace the triumph of the conqueror came.
 He in his blazing chariot, like a god,
 Exulting rode. His helm and mail lay by,—
 The sunlike crown upon his head,—in robes
 Attired, that like one waving gem appeared,—
 Amid the thunder of applauding hosts,
 Onward he came. His coursers' arching necks
 With gems and gold were hung,—and, far before,
 Behind, and round his chariot,—glittering bright
 With gold and gems, like a phosphoric sea,—
 His choicest captains, and his royal guard,
 On their proud treading steeds rode gallantly.
 The chariot of the queen at hand beheld,—
 To right and left disparting, ample space
 In midst the horseman left. Low bowed each head,
 As the bright vision passed,—and silence deep
 Of admiration weighed upon all lips.
 But when the royal chariot, meeting, paused,—
 Then first, with blushing cheek, stood up the queen,
 And welcome proud unto the conqueror gave.
 'Now is Assyria's sun from long sleep risen,—
 And darkness shall no more o'ershadow us,—
 But in his beams shall all the earth rejoice,—
 And all hearts shall with gladness overflow.'
 So she,—nor knew, in thick clouds buried soon.
 That sun should sink,—no more to rise again!
 The monarch,—as unconscious,—gracefully
 Descending, her in his own chariot placed;
 And, whispering, answered: 'Should Assyria's sun
 Again grow dark,—be thou to her a moon,—
 For, like that soft bride of the flaming god
 Art thou, my queen,—bright, beauteous, chaste, and
 cold.'

Slightly her brow was darkened at that word;
 And her heart swelled,—but she made answer none.
 Then,—when the king and queen together sat,—
 The army shouted; and the multitudes
 For gladness shouted all: and, through the gates
 When they went in, the city roared for joy.

We confess ourselves warm advocates for historical poetry, in which class we rank the production now before us. The imagery, the description, the enthusiasm, all else that constitutes the soul of poetry, is, as it were, the splendid vestibule to invite the young and thoughtless to enter the precincts of the temple of fame, in the interior of which they will or ought to behold, emblazoned all around, the memorials of whatever is good, whatsoever is lovely, whatsoever is praiseworthy, in the imperishable tracery of verse. Among barbarians poetry was the only vehicle of history, and now, among the most civilized portion of the western world, though sometimes perverted and debased to aid the fascinations of sensual indulgence, it generally becomes a beacon light to cheer and guide the young aspirant through the intricate ascent that leads to the shrine of virtuous glory.

We had some things to add to these remarks, in the way of admonition and stricture; not for the sake of the reader, because we are convinced the judgment is best aided by a fair and unprejudiced selection of passages: he who cannot decide for himself on the minor merits of a poem, by the perusal of some of its contents, will not be likely to improve in the science of sound criticism, by a few casual remarks on verbal inaccuracies; but the writer who in his desire to strike off a magnificent picture at a heat, is intent only on the great features and neglects or shrinks from the irksome toil of accurate finish, will at length learn the folly of his impatient enthusiasm, and he will acquire this wholesome and necessary knowledge, with less pain and more profit from the sharp-sighted vigilance of a critic, than from the negligence and disregard of the public. But we must

waive the subject for the present, and we do so with the greater willingness in that we think our author's former volume was somewhat too hardly dealt with by some whom we were sorry to see assailing him so violently. When the whole work comes before us, we shall discuss its merits and defects as impartially and as usefully as we can.

Travels in Various Parts of Peru, including a year's residence in Potosi. By Edmond Temple, Knight of the Royal and distinguished order of Charles III. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn & Bentley. [UNPUBLISHED.]

THIS is a very amusing book of Travels, and, notwithstanding the number of accounts of South America that have been published within the last few years, it is full of pleasant information. The author, Mr. Temple, or, as he is usually called among his friends, Sir Edmond Temple, is, if we mistake not, a younger brother of Mr. Temple, of Waterstown, in the county of Westmeath. In the early part of his life, he served, we believe, in the British navy. We have heard that he was made prisoner by the French; but having effected his escape from Verdun, he entered the Spanish army, during what we are accustomed to call 'The Peninsular war;' and in reward of his distinguished services in the cause of Spain, the order of knighthood which he bears, was conferred upon him by Ferdinand.

In 1825, during the rage for the formation of joint stock companies, Mr. Temple was appointed secretary to the Potosi mining association, an office for which his intimate knowledge of the Spanish language appears to have been a principal recommendation, as he declares that he was then quite unacquainted with the business of mining. The speculation turned out, as almost all these speculations did, a very unfortunate one, the blame of its failure, however, our author lays not upon the nature of the case, but on the directors of the company. It is but fair to add, in support of the case he makes out against these directors, that he received the thanks of the shareholders for the statement he furnished them with, and we have understood that he has recently obtained a verdict for considerable damages against the same directory, in one of the courts at Westminster. The travels in Peru, are, however, by no means confined to the subject of mining; on the contrary they abound in all that light and general information which gives zest to the personal narrative of an intelligent man of the world, travelling in a new country. As the work has not yet reached this country, for sale, we deem it unnecessary to enter now into any minute criticism of its merits, and shall content ourselves, for the present, with presenting to our readers some extracts from the author's observations on Tarija, interesting as relating to a district very little known to Europeans, and doubly so to us, from the immediate reference they have to Ireland:

"When we arrived in the village of San Lorenzo, every door was shut, and every inhabitant indulging in repose, which I believe induced us to envy the more, that comfort of which we ourselves felt so much in need; we therefore stopped at once in the market-place, and took up our quarters in the porch of the village church. The moon 'in cloudless majesty' afforded the light of day, and enabled us to discover a large field of lucern into which

my first care was to turn the poor jaded and deserving animals; then, selecting the softest step at the door of the church, I laid myself down overpowered by sleep. The labour of scrambling up the mountain at one side, and the *saltos*, skips, and jumps, descending it at the other, having been mostly performed from necessity on foot, and under an intensely hot mid-day sun, caused my desire to eat to yield irresistibly to my desire to rest.

"The sun had risen high before either my peones or myself showed the slightest disposition to rouse from the luxurious trance in which we so happily passed the night at the entrance of the sacred edifice of San Lorenzo, and had it not been that the tolling of the matin peal announced the necessity of vacating our situation in order to permit all well-disposed Christians within hearing of that summons to pass uninterrupted to their devotions, I doubt if we should not have slept on through the day; so true it is that

"Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty Sleeth
 Finds the down pillow hard."

"Although this is the commencement of winter, the morning was soft and delightful as the finest day of May in Europe, which encouraged me to proceed to breakfast at Tarija, three leagues distant, and the road being through a flat luxuriant valley, it was not long before I found myself in the house of my friend Colonel Don Francisco Burdett O'Connor, commandant-general of the army of the frontiers of Bolivia, who received me with all the warmth and hospitality of a genuine Hibernian. Every toil and trouble were in an instant forgotten on my part, or if thought of, they tended only to increase the pleasure I experienced in the cordiality of my reception. I found the commandant lodged in a very good house, in which he lived in a style highly respectable and comfortable.

"The inhabitants of Tarija are descended from two or three families who came to this country from Rome, at the invitation of the Jesuits when they first settled here. Of this fact I thought I could discover in the features of *la Señora* O'Connor a very strong confirmation, and I must add, that a prettier and more animated little woman of eighteen I never saw on the shores of Italy. I might well feel a little surprised at finding my friend married, for he himself had never even thought of such an event, until a few days before my arrival, when the vicar of Tarija tied the indissoluble knot that now secures him for life in the golden yoke; and if my friend's life does not turn out what it promises to be, comfortable and happy, it will not be for want of prayers and good wishes throughout the province of Tarija.

"The town contains about 2000 inhabitants; a peaceable community, who prefer sleeping the *siesta* to any occupation connected with arts or industry, which as yet have obtained no footing here. The partiality to a *delicieux repos* is considerably encouraged by the nature of the climate and the fruitfulness of the soil, which requires only a little scratching at seed time, to yield, year after year, without interruption, a superabundance of crops, particularly of maize, which here grows to great perfection. When eating a peach, if you take the trouble to thrust the stone into the ground, two years afterwards you may eat fruit from the tree it produces.—In a court belonging to the Prefect's house, there is now a tree which was planted two years and a half before I saw it, and which, when put